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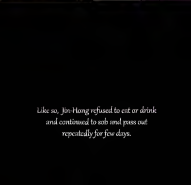


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After Makmun and Myo-jin left,
Jin-Hong was



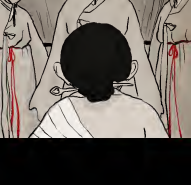
SOB- SOB-



I WILL FEEL BETTER ONLY WHEN I CATCH HER AND SLICE HER INTO PIECES!



Like so, Jin-Hong refused to eat or drink
and continued to sob and yell out
repeatedly for few days.



The men who dashed into her
room with dirty shoes were



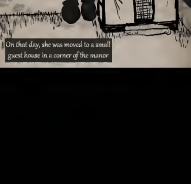
Her husband's brothers.



I HAVE EYES TO WORRY ABOUT, SO I SHALL NOT BANISH YOU!

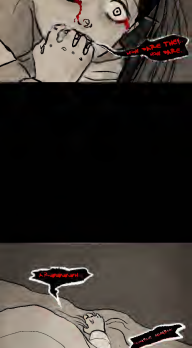


BUT YOU ARE NO LONGER MY SON'S WIFE.



Having lost everything, political powers,
wealth, and fame,

Jin-Hong covered herself with
a bed sheet and spent her days
caring everyone and Makman.



Her deep hate !
and utter disappointment of
losing everything

Started to pile up

day after day

day after day

day after day

It piled up

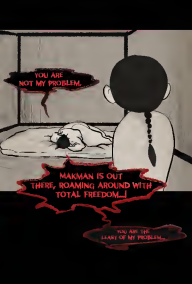
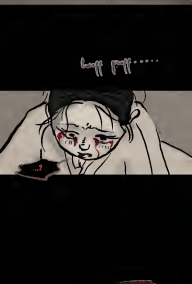
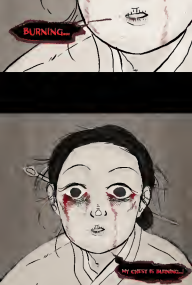
and then

It started to rot.

It rotted

rotted more

It eventually became a ball of sticky
substance.





GRIND

HOW...
MUST I VENT THIS
BITTERNESS...

I AM
UPSET...

I AM
FURIOUS!!!

WHILE I AM
SUFFERING LIKE
THIS

I WONDER WHAT
MAKMAN IS DOING
RIGHT NOW!

After leaving Jin-Hong behind in the temple,

Makman insisted that she'd look
for the old man who pierced
the sword into her.

She had a long way to
walk. However,

She kept on pushing.

She said her feet hurt.

She said the road was too
uneven.

She said she was having a
headache.

While she kept on swearing
that she will find "the monsters"

Her actions were more like a child not
wanting to do her task, therefore, doing what
ever she can in order to postpone.

Myo Jin let her have her own pace

He may have
grown tired of her.
Or perhaps he saw a
glimpse of himself in her.

Either way,
he let her have her ways.

When she started to have swollen
feet, she sat down.

As it became quiet

Fireflies that were having their
last flights of the year

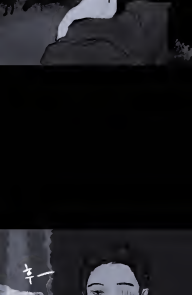
ascended

shining brightly

Toward the night sky.

Myo Jin

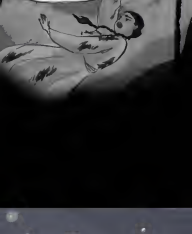
Myo Jin



HEY



AT THAT TIME...



SOME OTHER REMOTE VILLAGE, CHINA, OR EVEN OTHER COUNTRIES...

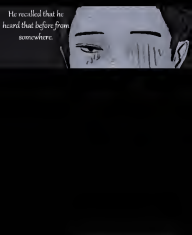
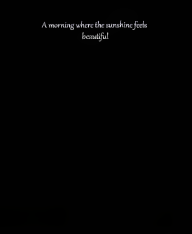
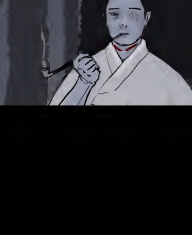
...IT DIDN'T MATTER WHERE.



IT IS SAID THAT SOME FEEL THE MORNING SUNSHINE TO BE BEAUTIFUL...



A morning where the sunshine feels beautiful



He found it very funny that he chose to recall that day ever again especially when it wasn't raining.

Translated by Sura's Place surasplace.com

The Chronicle of Myo-Jin

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